Numb. 51

# The Female Tatler.

*Written by a Society of* Ladies.

*Quis tulerit Gracchos de Seditione querentes.*

From Friday December 16, to Monday December 19, 1709.

## Arabella's Day.

SINCE *Emilia* took upon her laſt time to Vindicate *Altamira*'s Character and Conduct, eſpecially ſince her Wiſe Choice in one of the firſt *Mice* of *Quality*, the *Court Prudes* are all in an Uproar, and have reſolved to load that deſerving *Beauty* with all the *ſecret Scandal*, *Wit* or *Envy* can invent; to anticipate which Deſign, I ſhall endeavour to draw their *Pictures* in *Miniature*, and find 'em in full employ to blot out the *Gaeties* I have deſign'd for them, if they like not their own *Faces*, when they ſee them in proper colouring, or elſe to *daub* them over with *Varniſh* that may diſguiſe the *Painting*. A *Prude* is a Woman who places her *Virtue*, in having *Wit* enough to keep a Man from prying into her Faulrs, and *Modeſty* enough to hinder him from climbing into her *Bed-Chamber*: She Simpers before Company, as if *Butter* wou'd not melt in her Mouth, but in Private is an errant *Miſs Romps*, and ſhows her *Teeth* to her *Chamber Maid*, as certain as ſhe bites her *Lip* in Publick Converſation: where ſhe is ſo Circumſpect, that ſhe divides her Eyes among the Company, reſerving always one half to her ſelf, except by Chance ſhe gives a Glance now and then upon ſome *Gold Watch*, *Diamond Ring*, or other piece of *Finery* that is before her. When ſhe Sits at her *Tea-Table*, ſhe *Moulds* her *Face* into a Regular Figure, which vaniſhes away at the Introduction of a Dram of Right *Nantz*: And that *Art* before which perſwaded her to keep a *Secret*, now yields with pleaſure to the Power of *Nature*, which Triumphs in *Revealing* it. She conſults her *Face* every Morning ſo long, till ſhe goes away convinc'd, that ſhe is *Fair*, and then commends her *Glaſs* becauſe it does not flatter her. She is of that *Reſerv'd Prim*, that tho her *Ears* are guilty of hearing many Things, ſhe ſcorns her *Tongue* ſhou'd tell any of them; ſo ſhe cannot be cenſur'd by the World for Sinning with her Underſtanding. She ſeems to be bred in the *Stoick Philoſophy*, for ſhe neglects her Equals and diſpiſes her Betters; ſo that her *Vanity* ſeldom can be ſaid to exceed *Condeſcention*. She Plumes herſelf, and puts a value upon her *Wit*, if ſhe can gain a *Gay Lover* that is remarkable for a *Fool*, that ſhe may have the pleaſure, and as ſhe thinks, the Applauſe of the World, for Laughing at his *Simplicity*: Then the Men will call her a hard hearted and a cruel Creature, and the Women perhaps ſay ſhe's a ſhy Lady, and too Nice for a Wife. If ſhe loves at all, as it is Ten to One but ſhe does, ſhe loves not the Man, but his *Equipage*; the *Lac'd Liveries* and the *Saucy Fellows* that wear them. Her *Lightneſs* makes her Swim on the top of her Acquaintauce, becauſe they Viſit her not in ſuch clean Linnen as ſhe Dreſſes in: Her *Devotion* is in a new Suit of *Cloaths*, that carries her to *Church* in the top of the *Faſhion*, where ſhe lifts up her *Eyes* inſtead of her *Heart*, to know who looks upon her, not who ſhe is praying to: The moſt neceſſary Attendants about her, are her Woman and her *Lap-Dog*, and the greateſt Curioſities ſhe is guilty of, is a better *Jewel* or a finer *Gown*.

I think *Ladies*, to do *Altamira* Juſtice, I could not better perform the Duty, than by this means of expoſing her Enemies, part of whom are the *Bams* as well as the *Prudes*. Now a *Bam* is a top *Wit* in the Army, that has aſſum'd a *Foreign Air*, from a *Five Months Campaign*: He ſpeaks, as he Fancies, *Alamode*, and takes a great deal of Pains to be *Ridiculous*: He ſees much more at one Siege than he underſtands all his Life after, tho' his *Gate*, *Dreſs* and *Speech* be *French*, *Spaniſh*, or *Low Dutch*: He Cenſures every thing by *Caprice* and *Humour*, and thinks *Wine* in his own Country not comparable to *Ditch Water* in the *Camp*, not forgetting his *Pick-tooth*, which is the main part of his *Breeding*. He affects rather to *Rhodamantade*, than not to be the Perſon that has out done a *Hector* or an *Ajax*, and when he talks thus he looks big upon his *Equipage*, a ragged *Red-Coat*, that admires, and wou'd Swear to every Word that drops from his Maſter's *Tongue*. He comes from the *Campaign* with the *Duke*, but returns to the *Field* with the *Drum*. Upon *great Days* he goes to the *Generals Levee*, and at Night with his *Clubb*, canvaſſes the *Diſcourſe* there, and ſeems as much concern'd as if all the Affairs in Hand were of his own *forming*. He is aſham'd of every Man that is not Dreſs'd as well as himſelf, and ſcorns any *Apparel* but a *Lac'd Coat*: He that Salutes him not as far as Piſtol-ſhot, Affronts his *Honour*, and when he appears upon the *Parade*, or the *Review* of the *Regiment*, looks as big as the *Northern Wind* in *Painting*, that wou'd blow away his *Enemy*. He contends for *Place* every where he comes; but at the *Breach* of a *Garriſon*, will give his *Serjeant* leave to go before him: There's a Confederacy between him and his *Taylor*, and his *Coat Armour* fits as ill upon him, as if he had bought it with his *Commiſſion*. The Character of theſe *Bamming Heroes*, brings to my mind a *Riddle* of the famous *Pantagruels*, who in Days of Yore was as Remarkable as *Partridge* or *Bickerſtaff* for *Prognoſtications*.

*The* RIDDLE.

*A Young tight Thing, as Fair as may be,*
*Without a Dad conceiv'd a Baby;*

*And brought him forth without the Pother,*
*In Labour made by teeming Mother:*
*Yet the curs'd Brat fear'd not to Gripe her,*
*But gnaw'd for haſte, her Sides, like Viper.*
*Then the Young Upſtart boldly Sallies,*
*And Walks and Flies o're Hills and Vallies:*
*Many Fantaſtick Sons of Wiſdom,*
*Amaz'd, foreſaw their own, in his Doom.*
*And thought, like an Old* Græcian *Noddy.*
*A Spirit Human, mov'd his Body.*

Here I had like to have been interrupted with a Queſtion, concerning the Explication of the *Riddle* by one in the Company, who ſaid, that tho the Author had made a *Weevel* of it, it might very well ſerve for a *Rat* of the Modern Extraction; upon which I was deſired to tell 'em the Story of the *Law-Cats*, which I had promiſs'd them, and ſo I proceeded. The *Law-Cats* are terrible Monſters, that Devour little Children, and trample over *Marble Monuments*; they have *Claws* ſo very ſtrong and ſharp, that nothing can get from them, that is once faſt between their Clutches. The *Quinteſſence* of *Craft* reigns among them, by which means they Gripe all, Devour all, Burn all, Draw all, Hang all, Quarter all, Behead all, Murther all, Waſte and Ruin all, without Regard to Right or Wrong; for among them *Cruelty* is call'd *Juſtice*, *Treaſon Loyalty*, and *Rebellion Religion*: So it is plain the *Manger* is above the *Rack*, and if ever *Plague*, *Famine*, *Fire* or *Earthquake* befal this Nation, we cannot attribute 'em to the Aſpects and Conjunctions of the *Malevolent Planets*, but to the *Abuſes* of the *Catterwauling Fraternity*; not to the Tyranny of Kings and Princes, or the Impoſtures of *falſe Prophets*, Villany of Griping Uſurers, or the Ignorance and Impudence of cloſe ſitted *Phyſitians*, Lewd Harlots and Deſtroyers of *Byblows*, but charge 'em wholly and ſolely upon the inexpreſſible Wickedneſs of the *Law-Cats*, which is leſs underſtood than the *Philoſophers Stone*, and therefore not ſo deteſted and puniſh'd as it ſhou'd be: But ſhou'd they be expos'd in their proper Colours, not a *Cicero*'s Colloguing Tongue, or a *Caſtko*'s Eloquence, cou'd ſave them; for this Reaſon, as *Hannibal* was ſolemnly Sworn by his Father to purſue the *Romans* with the utmoſt hatred as long he liv'd, ſo my Father enjoyn'd me on his *Death-Bed* not to meddle with that Race of Animals, but wait till the Thunder of mighty *Jove* had reduc'd them to Aſhes like other Preſumptuous *Titans*.

I cannot tell what to compare this Monſter to better than a *Chymera Sphynx*, or the Image of *Oſyris*, as the *Egyptians* painted him with Three Heads, one of a *Roaring Lyon*, the other of a *Fawning Cur*, and the laſt of a *Prowling Wolf*, twiſted about with a *Dragon* biting his *Tail*: His Hands full of Gore, his *Talons* like thoſe of *Harpies*, his *Snout* like a *Hawks Bill*, his *Tusks* like thoſe of an over-grown *Wild Boar*, and his *Eyes* flaming like the Mouth of a *Furnace*. His *Hutch* and that of the *Warren Cats* his Collaterals, a long ſpick and ſpan new *Rack*, on the top of which ſome large ſtately Mangers were fix'd in her Reverſe: Over the chief Seat the Picture of an Old Woman holding the Caſe or Scabbard of a Sickle in her Right Hand, a pair of Scales in her Left, with Spectacles on her Noſe: The Cups of the Ballance were a pair of *Velvet Pouches*, the one full of *Bullion*, which overpoiz'd the other empty, as long as it was hoiſted over the middle of the *Beam*. I am of Opinion this is the true *Effigies* of *European Juſtice*, as exercis'd by our *Antipodes*

†‡* *All Gentlemen Officers, &c. who are raiſing* Recruits *in and about* London, *are deſired to paſs by the* Brazen Champion *in* Houndſditch, *who Wiſely to ſecure himſelf from the* Barbarity *naturally incident to* Houſe-breakers, *plac'd the Braſſes of two* Andirons *on each ſide his Breaſt, to guard his Heart, which being larger in him than moſt other Wights, he fear'd any Wound might prove Mortal; for which Reaſon he thruſt his Wife firſt out of Bed, and then down Stairs before him: In ſerious Conſideration of which* Prudence, *we have granted him a Certificate from our* Society, *to Indemnify and exempt himſelf from Her* Majeſty's Service, *leaſt in time of extream Danger, the famous* City *of* London *ſhould want a Commander to lead their* Militia *forth, who is provided with ſuch extraordinary* Armour, Courage *and* Conduct.

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